THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

Verily I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrha in the day of judgment, than for that city.—MAT. x, 15.

No. 25, Vol. XLIII. Monday, June 20, 1881. Price One Penny

DIVINE ORIGIN OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY APOSTLE MOSES THATCHER.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 372.]

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES CONSIDERED.

II.

Boturini, to whose single remaining work we referred in our previous article, says, on page six, in speaking of the knowledge possessed by the American Indians, regarding God's dealings with man during the earlier ages, that, "there is no Gentile nation that refers to primitive events with such certainty as the Indians do. They give us an account of the creation of the world, of the deluge, of the confusion of languages at the Tower of Babel, and of all other periods and ages of the world, and of the long peregrinations which their people had in Asia, representing the specific years by their characters; and in the Seven Conejos (rabbits) they tell us of the great eclipse that occured at the death of Christ our Lord."

This eminent and reliable author, whom nearly all that have written on the subject of American antiquities have honorably mentioned, having come to this country commissioned to search its history and not to propagate Roman Catholicism, may be considered as having been in his researches possessed with but little religious bias. His statements, because of his qualifications and for the reason above given, have been generally received with more than ordinary credence by other writers. We may, therefore, regard his testimony as very strong, and his historical collection as positive proof that the early inhabitants of this continent did have a comprehensive knowledge of facts contained in the Mosaic record.

When we realize that the Book of Mormon (which we have very good circumstantial evidence for believing to be the original, from which, no doubt, portions were at different times copied direct, and other portions retained in the memory of the learned,

transmitted and afterwards written and compiled into that book now spoken of as Teoamoxtli, the lost book of divine things) was hidden in the earth, with other valuable inspired records, by the prophet Moroni, in the early part of the fifth century of the Christian era, we have reason, I think to wonder at the remarkable preservation, for a period of a thousand years, and that among a migratory and warlike people, of so many well connected facts relating to very remote times, rather than to be surprised that the early Spaniards should find mixed up with these divine truths, fables and mythological traditions, of a later origin.

Boturini, on page one hundred and twenty-nine, clearly indicates the manner in which this knowledge was preserved and handed down from generation to generation. He says: "during the reign of Yittilcuexahuac, in Tula, about the year of our Lord 660, Huimatzin, a celebrated astronomer of the Toltecs, called together all the wise men, with the approval of the monarch, and painted that great book which they called Teoamoxtli, that is, "divine book," in which with distinct figures account was given of the origin of the Indians; of the time of the separation of the people at the confusion of the language; of their peregrinations in Asia; of their first cities and towns that they had in America; of the foundation of the Empire of Tula (Jerusalem); of their progress until that time; of their monarchs, laws and customs; of the system of the ancient calendars; of the characters of their years, and symbols of their months and days; of the signs and planets, cycles and series; of the first day of new moon; of the transformations, in which is included moral philosophy; as also the arcanum of the vulgar wisdom hidden in the hieroglyphics of their gods, with all that pertains to religion, rights and ceremonies for which cause the book was called, *a majori, analagalo*, "Divine Book," and from this cause the Indians called the sacred Bible "Teoamoxtli," that is to say "Divine Book;" and in imitation of said Teoamoxtli, each one of the historians kept in his house particular maps (picture maps) of the things of which they took note in their time."

Now what is indicated by the calling together of these wise men of a nation, to compile, under the approval of the Monarch, a "divine book," containing knowledge reaching back to the dispersion which occured at the Tower of Babel? Can anyone suppose for moment that it was done for the purpose of reducing to writing, traditions which had been held, as such, handed down from father to son for nearly three thousand years? Can anyone suppose that facts so clearly showing that the Indians knew of the creation, flood, confusion of language, &c., as already demonstrated in these articles, could have brought this knowledge by means of tradition only, down to the year 660? At this time their wise men are brought together and compile a book so remarkable that their descendants a thousand years later, on becoming acquainted with the contents of our Bible (probably the Vulgate rendering), called it, also Teoamoxtli, and declared it to be "in imitation" of their sacred and "Divine Book," which, judging from their intimate knowledge of its contents, could not long have been out of their hands. It was probably destroyed in one of the many bonfires kindled by fanaticism and fed with native records, which were burned by cords. The Book of Mormon was buried in the hill Camorah, (Ontario County, State of New York, United States,) in the year of our Lord 420. Now it is not only reasonable to suppose, but the most natural thing to expect, of an intelligent people, on finding themselves deprived of records containing matters of such vital importance, would be to call their "wise men" together and again, and as far as they could, restore in written form those great truths. This we have seen is just what was done by the Indians, and, as only two hundred and forty years had elapsed between the loss of the Book of Mormon and the writing and compiling of "Teoamoxtli," we can easily understand how they succeeded in producing a work so like our Bible as to induce the Indians later on to call ours an "imitation"

of theirs. For, as before observed, those "wise men" no doubt had other material than mere tradition from which to draw their information, for if, as stated by Boturini, "each one of the historians kept in his house particular maps of the things of which they took note in their time," they must have possessed many very authentic records. Let any person read the Book of Mormon, particularly as to its religious teachings, and he will easily understand how the Indians could say that the Bible was but an imitation of their "Divine Book."

Prof. Short, in his North Americans of Antiquity, page two hundred and thirty-eight, quotes from the native writer, Ixtlilxochitl, as follows: "It is found in the histories of the Toltecs, that this age and first world, as they call it, lasted seventeen hundred and sixteen years; that men were destroyed by tremendous rains and lightnings from the sky, and even all the land, without exception of anything, and the highest mountains were covered up and submerged in water 'cuxtolmoletlti' or fifteen cubits, and here they add other fables of how men came to multiply from the few who escaped from this destruction in a 'toptlipetlacali,' this word signifies a close chest."

No one who reads the Mosaic account can fail to recognize the analogy, which in these cases approach almost to exactness. Who fails to recognize their common origin, must be skeptic indeed. But that all and every doubt may be, if possible, removed, we make further citations. The one that now presents itself is so interesting that we reproduce it in full, although not all pertaining to the deluge. It is from the work last above quoted and is found on page four hundred and sixty, as follows: "Lord Kingsborough is, no doubt, warranted in holding that the Nahuas were of old world origin, at a very remote period prior to their having developed any special tribal characteristics, because of their singular and, we think, certain knowledge of the Mosaic deluge; but he is not justified in claiming for them any particular relationship to the Jewish or any Shemitic people." (Here the author, in a note, inserts an extract from Kingsborough's work, which we give below).

"It is impossible on reading what Mexican mythology records of the war in heaven, and of the fall of Zontemoque and other rebellious spirits; of the creation of light by the word Tonacatecutli, and of the divison of the waters; of the sin of Yztlacohuhqui, and his blindness and his nakedness; of the temptation of Suchiquecal and her disobidience in gathering roses from a tree, and the consequent misery and disgrace of herself and all her posterity, not to recognize scriptural analogies. But the Mexican tradition of the deluge is that which bears the most unequivocal marks of having been derived from a Hebrew source. This tradition records, that a few persons escaped in the Ahuehueti, or ark of fire, when the earth was swallowed up by the deluge, the chief of whom was named Patecatle or Cipaquetona; that he invented the art of making wine; that Xelua, one of his descendants, at least one of those who escaped with him in the ark, was present at the building of a high tower, which the succeeding generation constructed with a view of escaping from the deluge, should it again occur; the Tonacatecutli, incensed at their presumption, destroyed the tower with lightning, confounded their language and dispersed them; and that Xelua led a colony to the New World."—Mex. Antiq., tom vi. p. 401.—*From the "Salt Lake Contributor."*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

He who makes a baseless insinuation against a neigbour's integrity or honory is guilty of an injustice which is atrocious and monstrous in comparison with the petty depredation of the despicable thief who breaks into his granary and surreptitiously carries away his corn.

"OBJECTIONABLE FEATURES."

One of the reasons for non-belief presented by those who do not obey the Gospel revealed in our day, is that our religion has "objectionable features;" and some who have acquired information concerning the industrious and thrifty character of the Latter-day Saints, and their prosperous condition in Utah, carry the idea that were it not for its "objectionable features," "Mormonism," as it is called, might engage their attention, and that its claims would be more readily entertained by the intelligent classes. One of these "objectionable features" is that we believe in and publish a record called the Book of Mormon, which has been falsely styled the "Mormon Bible," and through which the Saints have received from their enemies the name of "Mormons." This book, instead of being a substitute for the Scriptures, as is very incorrectly stated, is a record translated from ancient plates found in the earth on the American Continent. The record gives most valuable information concerning the origin of the American Indians, a subject which has furnished a theme for much conjecture among the learned during the present century, and on which they are still endeavoring to discover sources of information.

Notwithstanding the desire to ascertain the very historical data which the work contains, the Book of Mormon has not received much of their attention; and this reticence is the more remarkable from the fact that scarcely a year passes without the publication of some newly discovered evidence, testifying in a most telling manner to the truth of the account given in the record. Items of information are in quick succession being obtained and brought to their notice, which have been before the world for about fifty years in the record of which we are speaking.

The vast discoveries in Central America made by Messrs. Stephens and Catherwood, show conclusively the statements in the Book of Mormon to be correct; and these evidences are materially increased in various ways through the diligent researches of other discoverers, as shown in an article by Apostle Moses Thatcher, now being published in serial form in the MILLENNIAL STAR. Speculations concerning the aborigines of that continent have furnished matter for volumes upon volumes, and the discovery of a skeleton or the finding of stone has been dilated upon with zeal, and supplied conceded proof of a multiplicity of these theories and ideas, tending to show that the ancient inhabitants were a civilized race.

But here is a work translated from the actual record of those people, written by themselves when in their strength, engraved on plates of curious and ancient workmanship, giving a lucid and narrative account of their settlement and social and religious progress, and hid away in the earth by the inspired historian, for some fourteen centuries, and whose statements are sustained by undeniable proofs of a very striking character; and yet the work is comparatively ignored, and the facts therein given sought with avidity from other and less authoritative sources.

The reader would naturally inquire, what is the cause of this? Simply because the Book of Mormon has in their estimation an "objectionable feature." Its discovery was brought about by a *revelation from Heaven*. Mankind, and the learned in particular of our age, disdain any and everything that claims present revelation from God as its origin. If Joseph Smith had simply stated that he had found the plates in a mound, and had translated them by his own skill in languages, it would have been regarded as a most interesting and valuable discovery, and the manuscript would have been purchased at a price, and doubtless found a place in the most prominent repository of curiosities. But the record being reserved to come forth as a means of salvation for the remnant who should be scattered and down-trodden in the last days, it was to have a more dignified introduction to the notice

of mankind, than a more chance discovery would have afforded it. And all must concede that notwithstanding the distaste of the learned, and their prejudices concerning it, the Book of Mormon has been rendered much more generally known through the very means of its introduction, than it could possibly have been if simply discovered in the ordinary way. In fact, it is to these "objectionable features" that the Latter-day Saints owe their extensive advertising, and are thus brought prominently before the public like the Saints of old.

The question naturally arises, why is it considered objectionable for a book to have an inspired origin? Why repudiate as false a valuable record of the people in America, because written and brought to light through revelation, while we accept the record of the people in Asia, called the Bible, which also claims to be the writings of inspired prophets and sacred historians, and to contain the word of God revealed from Heaven? Prophesied of in the Bible, the Book of Mormon stands side by side with the Asiatic Record as its witness rather than its substitute; it endorses by fulfillment some of the grand predictions therein contained, and bears sacred testimony to the crucifixion, resurrection and ascension of Christ, and the introduction of the Gospel as given us by the Evangelists.

Such then is the Book which is regarded as an "objectionable feature" of the religion of the Latter-day Saints; and we claim that instead of being a "stumbling block," it should be regarded, sustained as it is by Scriptural history and scientific discovery, as one of the most convincing proofs of the truth of the Gospel revealed to its translator.

Another "objectionable feature" with some is the organization of the Church with apostles and prophets. They cannot deny that the Ancient Church was organized in this manner with an inspired priesthood, and led by men "having authority," being commissioned of Jesus Christ to administer in the ordinances of the Gospel; and they cannot dispute that unless so authorized their acts were not recognized by the Lord, nor did they receive the seal of the spirit. In fact, the very foundation of the Church was this organization. Paul says, "it is built on apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." He even calls Christ an "apostle," and others call him a "prophet," showing that he did not "take this honor unto himself," but was "ordained of God" to officiate, and acted by heavenly authority in all his ministry. "As the Father hath sent me, even so now send I you."

Were it not for the "darkness" which was predicted should cover the minds of the people in the last days, we would be inclined to marvel at the blindness of intelligent people to these things. That apostles and prophets should be requisite for the "work of the ministry" in the ancient Church, and objects of Christian ridicule in the last days, is certainly very peculiar! As though worldly learning had by right taken the place of inspiration, and a college education legally assumed the throne of divine appointment. The nineteenth century is nothing if not inconsistent! And no age has been marked with more flagrant outrages upon common sense in religious theories and practice, than the one in which we criticise the Pharisaical Jews for rejecting the Savior, and the Catholics for assuming a power never delegated to them by the Ancient Church. For while these are denounced—the one for inconsistency and prejudice, the other for bigotry and usurpation, the modern "Pharisees" wag their heads at inspiration and apostleship, and "sit in high places" and occupy "the chief seats in the synagogues," assuming themselves to teach the people without even presenting or possessing a semblance of authority for so doing. They scorn any descent of authority from the Romish priesthood as corrupt, hence lay no claim to a "chain of power" from the Ancient Church; and if they did, it would be a futile attempt, for the Romish Church, through which came even the semblance of authority, cut off long ago all her Protestant daughters from

fellowship, and severed them from all rights and claims to the power she held.

Now when the Latter-day Saints declare a new revelation of the apostleship, and the re-delegation to man of that sacred power of the Church, these "learned" gentlemen with collegiate prefixes and affixes, turn up their theological noses at the words "apostle" and "prophet," and deem the introduction of such inspired "non-essentials" as a sacrilegious innovation on the rights of the "modern school" of theology. Thus we find the world in the anomalous position of "Christians" fighting Christianity; professors of the Bible religion making war upon the Bible itself; believers in Christ discarding his doctrines, and parties placing their hope of salvation in an original form of faith, whose fundamental principles they ignore and despise! It is for the "faith once delivered to the Saints" we are called in question! And we may here say, because we believe in the correctness of the original organization of Christ's Church, that "investigation into our doctrines is impeded"(?). This is another of the "objectionable features," which keep, forsooth, the "intelligent" classes from examining our claims to public attention, and is deemed a barrier to their embracing the Gospel!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

BY APOSTLE WILFORD WOODRUFF.

—o—

CHAPTER VI.

MAKE A CANOE—VOYAGE DOWN THE ARKANSAS RIVER — SLEEP IN A DESERTED TAVERN—ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY MILES THROUGH SWAMPS—FORTY MILES A DAY IN MUD KNEE-DEEP—A SUDDEN LAMENESS—LEFT ALONE IN AN ALLIGATOR SWAMP—HEALED IN ANSWER TO PRAYER — ARRIVAL AT MEMPHIS—AN ODD-LOOKING PREACHER—COMPELLED TO PREACH—POWERFUL AID FROM THE SPIRIT—NOT WHAT THE AUDIENCE EXPECTED.

We concluded to go down Arkansas river and cross into Tennessee. We could not get passage on the boat, because of low water, so we went on the bank of the river and cut down a sound cottonwood tree, three feet through, and cut off a twelve-foot length from the butt end; and in two days we dug out a canoe. We made a pair of oars and a rudder, and on the 11th of March, 1835, we launched our canoe, and commenced our voyage down the Arkansas river, without provisions.

The first day we sailed twenty-five miles, and stopped at night with a poor family who lived on the bank of the river. These kind folks gave us supper and breakfast, and in the morning, gave us a johnny-cake and piece of pork to take with us on our journey.

We traveled about fifty miles that day, and at night stopped at an old deserted tavern, in a village called Cadron, which was deserted because it was believed to be haunted by evil spirits.

We made a fire in the tavern, roasted a piece of our pork, ate our supper, said our prayers, went into a chamber, lay down on the bare floor, and were soon asleep.

I dreamed I was at my father's house in a good feather bed, and I had a good night's rest. When I awoke the bed vanished, and I found myself on the bare floor and well rested, not having been troubled with evil spirits or anything else.

We thanked the Lord for His goodness to us, ate the remainder of our provisions and continued our journey down the river to Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas, which then consisted of only a few cabins.

After visiting the place, we crossed the river and tied up our canoe, which had carried us safely one hundred and fifty miles.

We then took the old military road,

leading from Little Rock to Memphis, Tennessee. This road lay through swamps, and was covered with mud and water most of the way, for one hundred and seventy miles. We walked forty miles in a day through mud and water knee-deep.

On the 24th of March, after traveling some ten miles through mud, I was taken lame with a sharp pain in my knee. I sat down on a log.

My companion, who was anxious to get to his home in Kirtland, left me sitting in an alligator swamp. I did not see him again for two years. I knelt down in the mud and prayed, and the Lord healed me, and I went on my way rejoicing.

On the 27th of March, I arrived at Memphis, weary and hungry. I went to the best tavern in the place, kept by Mr. Josiah Jackson. I told him I was a stranger, and had no money. I asked him if he would keep me over night.

He asked me what my business was.

I told him I was a preacher of the Gospel.

He laughed, and said that I did not look much like a preacher.

I did not blame him, as all the preachers he had ever been acquainted with rode on fine horses or in fine carriages, clothed in broadcloth, and had large salaries, and would see this whole world sink to perdition before they could wade through one hundred and seventy miles of mud to save the people.

The landlord wanted a little fun, so he said he would keep me if I would preach. He wanted to see if I could preach.

I must confess that by this time I became a little mischievous, and plead with him not to set me preaching.

The more I plead to be excused, the more determined Mr. Jackson was that I should preach. He took my valise, and the landlady got me a good supper.

I sat down in a large hall to eat supper. Before I got through, the room began to be filled by some of the rich and fashionable of Memphis, dressed in their broadcloth and silk, while my appearance was such as you can imagine, after traveling through the mud as I had been.

When I had finished eating, the table was carried out of the room over the heads of the people. I was placed in the corner of the room, with a stand having a Bible, hymn book and candle on it, hemmed in by a dozen men, with the landlord in the center.

There were present some five hundred persons who had come together, not to hear a Gospel sermon but to have some fun.

Now, boys, how would you like this position? On your first mission, without a companion or friend, and to be called upon to preach to such a congregation? With me it was one of the most pleasing hours of my life, although I felt as though I should like company.

I read a hymn, and asked them to sing. Not a soul would sing a word.

I told them I had not the gift of singing; but with the help of the Lord, I would both pray and preach. I knelt down to pray, and the men around me dropped on their knees. I prayed to the Lord to give me his Spirit and to show me the hearts of the people. I promised the Lord in my prayer I would deliver to that congregation whatever He would give to me. I arose and spoke one hour and a half, and it was one of the best sermons of my life.

The lives of the congregation were opened to the vision of my mind, and I told them of their wicked deeds and the reward they would obtain. The men who surrounded me dropped their heads. Three minutes after I closed I was the only person in the room.

Soon I was shown to a bed, in a room adjoining a large one in which were assembled many of the men whom I had been preaching to. I could hear their conversation.

One man said he would like to know how that Mormon boy knew of their past lives.

In a little while they got to disputing about some doctrinal point. One suggested calling me to decide the point. The landlord said, "no; we have had enough for once."

In the morning, I had a good breakfast. The landlord said if I came that way again to stop at his house, and stay as long as I might choose.—*Faith Promoting Series.*

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

MONDAY, JUNE 20, 1881.

INTELLIGENT INDIVIDUAL EFFORT.

THE teachings of the modern school of theology are, in their effects, decidedly against individual effort. It seems to be regarded as sinful, to imagine that man can do anything to aid himself on his way to salvation. In fact, the popular preachers of the age lull their audiences to repose concerning the future, with the idea that to simply believe in "Christ and him crucified," is the only requisite to future bliss; and furthermore, that it is wholly out of man's power to do anything in a practical way to advance his eternal interests. Fanaticism is becoming more prevalent in consequence, and sound Gospel practicality is scouted as savoring of Atheism.

Aside from those who are content to follow the beaten path of tradition, the world, outside of the Church of God, is fast becoming classified into two bodies;—infidels and fanatics. People must either shout, rant and believe impossible and inconsistent theories, spiritualize the plainest statements of Scripture, and glow with wild enthusiasm; or turn their backs on God and all sacred things,—discarding every hope of future existence and happiness as beneath their consideration. Mankind is universally extreme. It takes much individual effort to check this propensity in every sphere of life, and it seems to be no less so in religion than in other matters. The "happy medium" is as difficult to find in theology as in politics or business. Men either loll and hang back as a burden on the rest of the team, or fire up suddenly, overdo themselves and sink exhausted before the journey's end. A steady, sensible, fixed purpose, and a duly considerate, energetic, constant effort and faithfulness, form the wise combination necessary to lasting and permanent success, in religion as in all other spheres and callings. We must not think to do the whole work ourselves, neither can we consistently leave it all to others. We are not supposed to await a sudden manifestation of the miraculous power of God, before making an attempt at improvement, neither should we flatter ourselves we can do without His aid. Some are apt to trust too much to self, others rely too much on other people. Some think the religion they have inherited is good enough for anybody, and never pause to consider its truth or consistency. Others suspect all religious professions as deception, and thus shun every opportunity of reaching truth. For prejudice closes the avenue of investigation, and rears a dark wall between us and progress. Thus we find that none should fly to extremes in these matters, but consistently examine, reflect, and when convinced of duty, perform it nobly, persistently, regardless of worldly censure and heedless of worldly praise.

Intelligent individual effort is a most necessary principle in the life of a Latter-day Saint. We cannot expect others to think and act for us. In fact, it would frustrate the very purposes of God as to our advancement. We could not in such a condition increase "in every good and perfect gift," but would remain, like many in the world, mere inanimate machines,—holding others responsible for our souls in a day to come. Progression is the result of sensible individual effort. The Gospel seems to be designed as a system of training; the Church is a school in which we are taught. No one can learn the lessons in our stead. The apostles, leading elders and ministers are ordained of God, not so much to gather the sacred fruit and hand it down to us in basketfuls, as to help us climb the huge trunk of the tree of life, till we can ourselves reach the spreading branches, pluck the fruit, and eat thereof unto life everlasting. We must reach out and gather for ourselves; to be placed within reach of the fruit by the aids which God has provided in his Church, is all we should expect. *We* must do the thinking, the reading, the labor necessary to proper advancement, trusting at all times in the Father of light, to give us such wisdom and faith, as shall best capacitate us to prosecute our studies and labors with judgment and success.

It is the same in the spiritual as in the temporal. The man who depends upon others to gather his emigration money for him, remains a long time in this country. But he that puts forth constant and persistent effort in the right direction, soon finds himself on his way to Zion, and his less consistent brother bids him a longing and doleful farewell, wondering when it will come his turn for deliverance. So with spiritual progress and advancement. We must not rely upon the energy and good sense of others, to possess ourselves of the rich treasures within the reach of all; but labor diligently, faithfully, judiciously, seeking to advance God's purposes in the earth, and to help others reach the same heights we have been able to scale. For selfish indeed is the man who learns only for his own benefit,—who seeks only his own salvation. It is in the blessing of the many that we receive our richest reward. Christ's glory consisted in that "he came to minister unto others, and to give himself as a ransom for many." How ennobling are these thoughts! How elevating the great principles of divine truth! God has richly blessed indeed the man who can see in this course true happiness in this life, and eternal rewards in the life which is to come!

THE MAY 21ST COMPANY.—We learn that the company had a very pleasant voyage, and were very courteously treated both on the *Wyoming* and by the customs officers in New York, where they arrived in the forenoon of June 1st. There was one birth on board ship, and brother William Parks, of the Eastwood Branch, Nottingham Conference, died of apoplexy on the 28th of May, and his body was committed to the sea, after appropriate remarks by Elder W. C. McGregor, in latitude 45-30 N., longitude 45-50 W. His railway fare was left with Elder James H. Hart, the present Church Agent at New York, and his effects went forward in care of Elder Joseph R. Mathews, who had charge of the company. They left by rail in the p.m. of the 2nd, all well and in excellent spirits, and expected to reach Salt Lake City on or about the 10th inst.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM LONDON CONFERENCE.

Newbury, Berks, June 9, 1881.
President A. Carrington.

Dear Brother,—As a slight change has been made in this district, we desire to state, as briefly as possible, the progress that has been made the last seven months, during the labors of Elders C. F. Wilcox and M. F. Brown.

During that time we have distributed several hundred tracts and held nearly one hundred meetings, besides testifying to the truth whenever we could get any one to listen. We have seen the power of God greatly manifested in many instances, especially in the healing of the sick; also in our own behalf, not only in providing for our comfort, but in the strength which we have received while standing before the people, both in the houses of the Saints and in the open-air. Seventeen have yielded obedience to the call, and three renewed their covenants. A branch has been organized in Newbury, also a Y. M. M. I. Association, including a tract society at the same place. They sent for two hundred tracts, which are being systematically distributed, and we expect to see good results follow.

Elder Brown having been called to labor in London, I traveled alone until joined by Elder O. C. Ormsby, May 24th. Since then we have had many opportunities of speaking both in public and private, and, I am pleased to say, are meeting with good success, having baptized five persons within the past few days, and prospects are flattering for still further additions. We have been successful in securing a good comfortable hall for the Saints in Newbury to meet in. Held three meetings in it on Sunday, June 5th, and had a good attendance of Saints and strangers, including two reporters, who have assisted in spreading our principles by bringing us prominently before the public through the medium of the press.

On Monday, June 6th, the Saints of Newbury, together with their friends, met in a social tea-party, got up under the auspices of the Y. M. M. I. Association. After a bountiful repast and some other exercises, Elders Wilcox and Ormsby addressed the meeting, dwelling principally on the subject of baptism, and closed by bearing testimony to the truth of the great latter-day work. A very enjoyable time was experienced by all, and the day terminated in the baptism of two intelligent ladies by Elder Ormsby.

Ever praying for the welfare of Zion, I remain

Your brother in the Gospel,
C. F. WILCOX.

INTERESTING REPORT FROM SWITZERLAND.

Postgasse 33, Bern, June 7, 1881.
President A. Carrington.

Dear Brother,—Thinking that some items from this part of the Lord's vineyard will not be uninteresting to you, I embrace the present opportunity of writing a few lines.

The elders in this Mission labor with great diligence to spread the principles of the Gospel and to bring the honest-in-heart to the knowledge of the truth; but notwithstanding their efforts, the work does not progress quite as rapidly as we desire it should. We do not, however, feel discouraged, but trust in Him who overrules all things for good.

Brother Schramm is still actively engaged in the South German Conference, where he is accomplishing much good. His labors are confined mostly to Stuttgart, where several additions have lately been made to the Church, and the prospects for future increase are very favorable.

Brother Schneitter has been for some time in northern Germany. He visited the relatives of his wife, as also the Saints in Berlin and Halberstadt; but as there is very little to be done in those parts, I deemed it best to recall him to Bern, where he can labor to a better advantage.

On Sunday last we had a pleasant

visit from brother Alg, the president of the Nurnberg branch. He reports everything in a prosperous condition. Three persons were baptized in that branch on the 2nd of June, and a number of others are nearly prepared to receive the ordinances of the Gospel.

Brother Stauffer is laboring faithfully in the East Swiss Conference, and within a short time has baptized five persons, three of whom are living in a part of the country where the Gospel was scarcely known.

Brothers Graehl and Bues are engaged in the French part of Switzerland, and it is to be hoped that their united efforts may be crowned with success, so that a rich harvest of souls will be the reward of their labors.

Brother Hasler has just returned from a visit to his relatives and friends in Canton Zurich, by whom he was well received, and a number of them feel inclined to accept his testimony, and are therefore searching diligently in the Scriptures to learn what God expects from his children. This brother is now engaged in preparing a hymn-book, which we purpose to publish in a short time—all our old books being long since sold.

The health of myself and the brethren is, as a general thing, good, and we desire to progress in this work and to perform our duties in an acceptable manner to God. I shall be very glad to receive instruction from you at any time.

The brethren join with me in sending kindest regards to yourself and all in the Office. Ever praying God to bless and prosper you, I remain

Your brother in the Gospel,

JOHN ALDER.

A FEW DAYS IN ZION.

[The following is clipped from the *Deseret News* of May 24, 1881]:

We are in receipt of the following communication from a gentleman who has been spending some time in the Territory, quietly informing himself as to the true character of the "Mormons" and their lives and institutions. He is not in any way whatever connected with our people, neither has he been solicited to give an expression of his views, which have been from an altogether independent position:

Salt Lake City, May 21, 1881.

Editor Deseret News:

I desire, not as a Mormon, nor yet as an anti-Mormon, but as a non-Mormon, and a non-religionist too, to acknowledge, through your excellent journal, the great difference between *hearing* of your people and *seeing* them, which I experienced in my own case. There is probably no one question, nor ever has been one before the American people, so little understood and so universally misrepresented to those who have never visited Utah, than is and has been that of the social, moral, religious and industrial status of the people of this Territory. The people throughout the Eastern States of this Union are taught from infancy to regard Mormonism as one of the most infamous institutions in the world—one of the "twin curses" of America—and its adherents at once allied with the devil himself and "in league with hell." The mass of the people being "Christians," and the votaries of that grand division of religionists having persisted, and do still persist, in designating the Government of the United States as a "Christian" government—some even going so far as to insist that it is a *Protestant* Christian government — of course those features of Mormonism which most seem to antagonize Protestant Christianity as it is taught and practiced by the evangelical churches of to-day, are selected as pretexts for denouncing, opposing and persecuting Mormons. The *pretenses* are false and the motives evil. Of this one thing I am convinced—viz., if you abandon the one feature of your system, polygamic marriage—the one

which your enemies pretend most to object to, but which to you, as I understand it, is by no means the essential one—your persecutions would not cease, because of the fact that it is your *religion* that your enemies are after, and nothing else. You may not know it here in Utah as well as I know it, but the enemies of the people of Utah are made in the Protestant Sunday Schools and Young Men's Christian Associations, and similar hot-beds of religious fanaticism in the East; and the abandonment of polygamy by your people would no more satisfy these ghostly ghouls, than would the abandonment of celibacy in the Catholic priesthood satiate their desire to destroy Catholicism among the people. As a non-religionist I would accord to them, and to the Catholic, and to you, every religious right and privilege under the constitution of our common country that I enjoy, including among you, your practice of polygamy, among the Catholics their practice of celibacy, and among the evangelical churches of Protestantism their concubinage, and Beecherism, only that the latter had better be legalized and canonized, even as the two former are, and thus legitimise their unfortunate offspring and make mistress-keeping a lawful occupation.

But it was of your morals, your industry and your self-sacrificing obedience to law that I intended writing. No honest man, who has any regard for truth and justice, and who is not either a fool or a knave, can come among your people, and see what you have accomplished in these mountain fastnesses; driven from "pillar to post" for claiming to have received by revelation a new and a better faith than they; led by your unswerving faith in that inspiration which served the children of Israel in the wilderness as a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night; a thousand miles from "Christian civilization," with your wives and little ones, to this then uninviting region; you have transformed this valley of sage-brush into a garden of flowers, and its barren wastes into blooming orchards and fertile fields. To do this you needed your hardy sons and daughters, even in their tender youthhood; yet you found means to build the school-house as soon as your habitations and houses of worship were fixed, and hand in hand went morals, industry and education. I say, no honest man can look upon these things and not love and respect you for it. No man but a fanatic and fool can overlook these noble characteristics of your people, and allow his prejudices to blind him when he comes among you, or join persecuting you when a thousand miles away. Hearing is believing, but *seeing* is the naked truth.

A STRANGER IN ZION.

PRACTICAL TALENT.

Of all the causes of failure, there is none more frequent or fruitful than the lack of practical talent. The fact that to give good advice implies no capacity of following it has often been illustrated in the world's history. The mere theorist rarely displays a high degree of speculative ability. The possession of brilliant intellectual qualities, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, proves a bar rather than a help to worldly advancement. If you try to cut a stone with a razor, the razor will lose its edge, and the stone remain uncut. A very high education again, unless it is practical as well as classical and scientific, too often unfits a man for contest with his fellows. You have rifled the cannon till the strength of the metal is gone. Intellectual culture, if carried before a certain point, is too often purchased at the expense of moral vigor. It gives edge and splendor to a man, but draws out all his temper. There is reason to fear that in the case of not a few persons the mind is so rounded and polished by education, so well balanced, as not to be energetic in any one faculty. They become so sym-

metrical as to have no point; while in other men, not thus trained, the sense of deficiency and of the sharp, jagged corners of their knowledge lead to efforts to fill up the chasms, that render them at last far more learned and better educated men than the smooth, polished, easy-going graduate who has just knowledge enough to prevent the consciousness of his ignorance. In youth it is not desirable that the mind should be too evenly balanced. While all its faculties should be cultivated, it is yet desirable that it should have two or three rough-hewn features of massive strength. Young men who spend many years at school are too apt to forget the great end of life, which is to *be* and *do*, not to read and brood over what other men have been and done. Emerson tells us that England is filled with a great, silent crowd of thorough-bred Grecians, who prune the orations and point the pens of its orators and writers, but who, "unless of impulsive nature, are indisposed from writing or speaking by the fulness of their minds and the severity of their tastes." Is such culture a blessing? Can anyone doubt that a training which thus paralyzes the energies, which converts the powers of the mind that should be creative into qualities purely negative and critical, is a bar rather than a help to worldly success? Do we not see daily in all the walks of life, half-educated men rush in with eagerness, and, by their daring, their outspoken sympathies, their fulness and earnestness of utterance, sway multitudes of their fellow-beings, while the over-educated, "silent Greeks," with their doubts, their misgivings, their critical fastidiousness, their half-utterances, and, above all, that spirit of self-depreciation which comes from high culture, suffer their native hue of resolution to be "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"? It has been justly said that the creative age in every literature has preceded the critical, and that so must it be in every man's life.

Many a young man is so exquisitely cultivated as to be good for nothing but to be kept in a show-case as a specimen of what the most approved system of education can do. With the exception of the few comet-like geniuses that, at rare intervals, flash through the firmament of humanity, it is the slow-headed, dull unimaginative man, with colossal powers of labor, and the patience to abide results, and to profit by the mistakes of his more gifted fellow-mortals, that is most likely to come out ahead in the race of life. At cricket-playing it is hard hitting and quick running that win the game. Good fielding, elegant wicket-keeping, fast bowling, are all well in their way; but only notches score. So the game of life is won less by brilliant strokes than by energetic, yet cautious play, and never missing an easy hazard.

Do not misunderstand this. We do not decry culture. No doubt intellectual training is to be prized. But practical knowledge is necessary to make it available. The experience gained from books, however valuable, is of the nature of learning; but the experience gained from actual life is wisdom; and an ounce of the latter is worth a pound of the former. All history shows that the rough work of the world is not done by men of fine culture. Courage is not developed by the study of Greek accents. Creative power is not increased by logic. Insight is an instinct,—not a product of education. The greatest men in the world have not been elegant and polished scholars. There were wise men in Europe before there were printed books. The men who wrested Magna Charta could not write their own names. Bolingbroke, the scholar-statesman, fled an exile from England: while Walpole, who scorned literature, held power for thirty years. "In general," says his son, "he loved neither reading nor reading." Lord Mahon justly observes that Walpole's splendid success in life, notwithstanding his want of learning, may tend to show what is too commonly forgotten in modern plans of education, that it is of far more importance to have the mind well disciplined than richly stored,—strong rather than full. Brindley and Stephenson did not learn to read and write till they were twenty years old; yet the one gave Britain her railways and the other her canals. It has been remarked that

Disraeli, whose speeches are often a literary luxury, has never laid down a single principle of policy, foreign and domestic, nor brought forward a great measure which was not ignominiously scouted. On the other hand, Sir Robert Peel, whose speeches were often the heaviest of platitudes, and whose quotations were usually from the Eton grammar, reversed his country's financial policy, regenerated Ireland, and died with the blessings of all Englishmen on his head. What practical good have the lettered politicians of France achieved for their country? or what nation is more misgoverned than that which makes literary culture the sole criterion of fitness for office,—the Chinese? Did not Napoleon complain of Laplace, that as Minister of the Interior he was always searching for subtleties, that all his ideas were problems, and that he carried the spirit of the infinitesimal calculus into the management of business? Where shall we find men of finer culture than the professors who filled the Frankfort Diet in 1848? Yet with all their scholarship, they made themselves the laughing-stock of Europe, and, with sixty millions of brave men at their back, were snuffed out without a struggle. Life teems with such illustrations. Every day we see men of high culture distanced in the race of life by the upstart who cannot spell,—the practical dunce outstripping the theorizing genius. "Men have ruled well," says Sir Thomas Browne, "who could not perhaps define a common-wealth; and they who understand not the globe of the earth command a great part of it." Charlemagne could barely sign his own name; Cromwell was "inarticulate;" Macaulay's asthmatic hero scarcely possessed a book; and Frederick the Great could not spell in any of the three languages which he habitually mispronounced. Many of our great men were born in the backwoods; and the strongest hand that has held the helm of our government,—a hand that would have throttled secession in its cradle,—belonged to one whom his biographer pronounces "the most ignorant man in the world."—*From Mathews "Getting on in the World."*

MISSIONARY INCIDENTS.

(From the Salt Lake "Juvenile Instructor.")

After laboring in Graves Co., Kentucky, as missionaries during the month of March, 1878, Elder Barnett and I made arrangements to proceed to the State of Virginia.

Railway fare being high and our means limited, we decided to take a steamer and go by water as far as Nashville, Tennessee.

We left Farmington, Graves Co., on the morning of April 3rd, receiving a ride in a wagon of one Mr. Kirtland, familiarly known as "Uncle Dick," who kindly conveyed us, free of charge, to Paducah City, which is situated on the south bank of the Ohio, and at the mouth of the Tennessee River.

The following day we secured passage on board the steamer *Nashville*, and left for the city of the same name. After going twelve miles on the Ohio to Smithfield, the steamer changed its course, going up the Cumberland River in the direction of Nashville, the place being about two hundred miles distant.

This being my first steamboat ride of any note, it was to me quite romantic, there being some beautiful scenery on the rugged banks of the Cumberland. To add to this interest, on board the steamer was a negro minstrel band who at almost every landing would appear on deck and play a piece of music, very often the favorite tune "Dixie."

We arrived at Nashville about the fourth night out from Paducah, having traveled slowly on account of low water and heavy freight with frequent stopping.

The next day we proceeded to the depot, and finding our means too

limited to purchase tickets to Lynchburg, Va., we secured tickets to Chattanooga, Tenn., where we arrived in the afternoon of the same day, and almost, as Brother Barnet says, "financially stumped."

Here we remained for several weeks, and, being among strangers, without any immediate prospect of moving on to our destination, I felt rather lonesome.

Before leaving home, feeling confident in my own faith, I felt determined that while on my mission, I would not write home for money under any circumstances.

While in Chattanooga we had applied in several directions for aid, but to no purpose, and if I ever prayed earnestly in my life, I certainly did in Chattanoogo, while expecting a letter from a gentleman in Kentucky.

I dreamed one night that I received two letters at the same time, the envelope of one being yellow and the other a cream color, and directed to me in my mother's hand-writing.

This was quite a surprise to me, and in the morning I wondered, with some disappointment, if I had yet to write home for means.

After going to the post office time after time, hoping to receive answers to letters that we had written, but to no avail, I received a strong impression to write home. I did so, and in about thirteen days from then I received two letters at the same time, the envelope of one being yellow the other a cream color, directed to me in my mother's hand writing, just as I had seen them in my dream, and these brought the means applied for.

Thus the Lord had answered our prayers, fulfilled the dream, and opened up the way before us, and taught me also not to be too confident in my own faith before it is tested, but be humble and submissive to the Lord's will.

During our stay in Chattanooga I had been led to visit the depot each day, and wait for the arrival of the train from Nashville.

I thought that perhaps an elder from Utah might pass that way *en route* for some part of the Southern States mission, though I had no knowledge that such would be the case.

After continuing this about one week, while at the depot one day I turned to leave, thinking that perhaps it was only my notion that led me there day after day, but as I was about to leave the car shelter a strong impression came over me to remain, which I did.

The train soon arrived, and after watching the passengers one by one step from the train, I was about to turn away disappointed, when some one laid his hand upon my shoulder, and on looking around I saw Brother Joseph Standing at my side.

We were delighted to meet each other, and though together only about five minutes, I think I shall never forget it. His cheerfulness of spirit quite encouraged me, and this being the last time I ever saw him, the impression I received to wait for the train I look upon as being from the Lord.

M. F. COWLEY.

Women admire strength without seeking to imitate it; men gentleness without bestowing it in return. Patience is strength; impatience is weakness. To sit quiet, even though what is going on wearies you, is a gain. Buds do not come up in a day, and if you wait you may find flowers where only a little while ago you thought it was all barren waste. Strive against the disposition to fly from one place to another, simply for the sake of change or happiness.

THE BEAUTIFUL.—Whatever is beautiful is refining. Whether in nature or in art, the presence of the beautiful softens and purifies. But let no young lady fall into the blunder of supposing that only that which is expensive can ever be beautiful. It is labor, care, skill, an artistic eye, and a refined taste that beautify. Whether in home or in dress, in speech or in manners, money is not the main thing which provides the beautiful. The dowdy apparel of many a slattern has cost more money by far than the neat and beautiful garb of her indigent but orderly neighbor.